BARBARIAN
$1
NO.1
WOMEN
COMICS

BARBARIAN WOMEN COMICS no. 1 © 1975 Bob Sidebottom

PART ONE:

HIGH ON A MOUNTAIN, I LIVE IN A MANSION-FORTRESS OVERLOOKING TURQUOISE-BLUE VALLEYS, SILVER CRYSTALINE WATERS, AND GOLDEN FIELDS OF WHEAT. I AM AN ARTIST AND MUSICIAN. DURING THE DAYTIME, I PAINT PICTURES OF THE BEAUTY AROUND ME, AND IN THE EVENING, I PLAY THE MELODIES OF MY SOUL ON THE PIANO AND THE HARP. I AM **RAINIA**...

BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

BY THE CLEVER AND DISCIPLINED USE OF MY BEAUTY AND TALENTS, I HAVE ACHIEVED AN ARTIST'S DREAM: I HAVE THE MEANS WHICH ALLOW ME TO WORK FULL-TIME AT MY ARTS, FREE FROM OUTSIDE INTERFERENCE AND DEMANDS. MY PERSONAL NEEDS ARE CATERED TO BY MY SERVANTS, AND MY BUSINESS DEALINGS ARE TAKEN CARE OF BY SECRETARIES AND LAWYERS...

FICTION: BEAUTIFUL WOMAN / BARBARIAN WOMAN.
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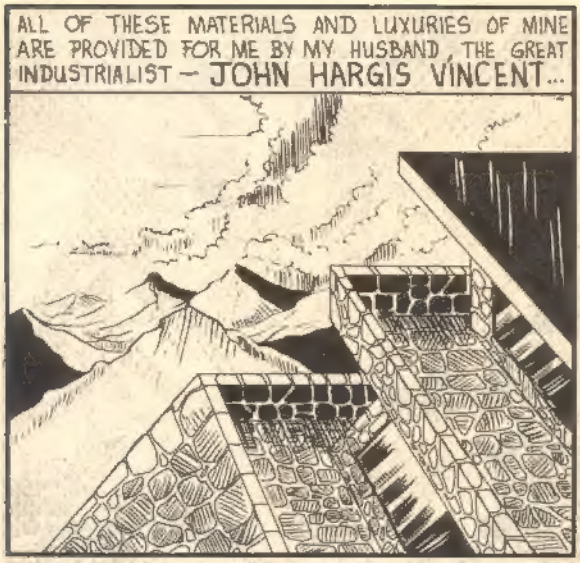
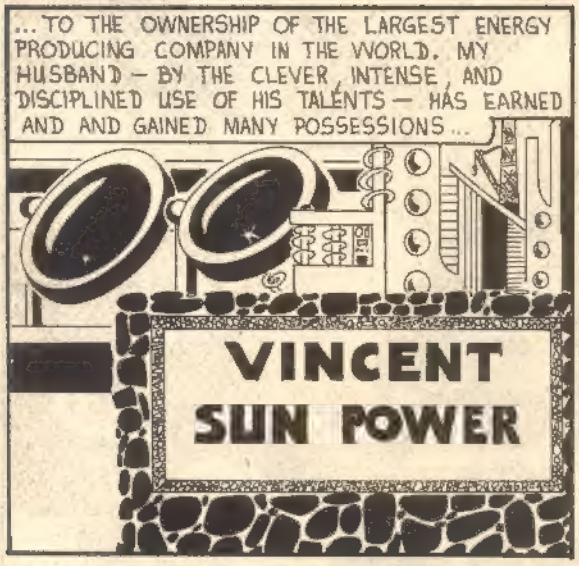

ALL OF THESE MATERIALS AND LUXURIES OF MINE ARE PROVIDED FOR ME BY MY HUSBAND, THE GREAT INDUSTRIALIST — JOHN HARGIS VINCENT...

... WHO CAME FROM THE COAL MINES OF KENTUCKY WITH A 5TH GRADE EDUCATION...


...TO THE OWNERSHIP OF THE LARGEST ENERGY PRODUCING COMPANY IN THE WORLD. MY HUSBAND — BY THE CLEVER, INTENSE, AND DISCIPLINED USE OF HIS TALENTS — HAS EARNED AND AND GAINED MANY POSSESSIONS...
VINCENT
SUN POWER

... AND I, RAINIA, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, AM ALSO ONE OF HIS PO$$E$$ION$ — THE MOST JEALOUSLY GUARDED, OF COURSE...

...BUT THIS POSSESSION THING WORKS BOTH WAYS: MY HUSBAND IS A SLAVE TO HIS LOVE FOR ME. I KNOW THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF WOMEN WHO WOULD GLADLY CUT MY THROAT TO GET HIM. I ALSO KNOW THERE ARE THOUSANDS OF PEOPLE IN GENERAL — WHO OUT OF MALICIOUS ENVY FOR OUR SUCCESS AND WEALTH — WOULD CUT BOTH OUR THROATS TO STOP US.
WHEN HE COMES HOME AT NIGHT, WE HAVE AN ELEGANT DINNER. AND THEN...
2

...I PLAY MUSIC...
...WE TALK BY THE FIRELIGHT...
...WE GO TO THE BEDROOM WHOSE WALLS ARE COVERED WITH MY PAINTINGS.

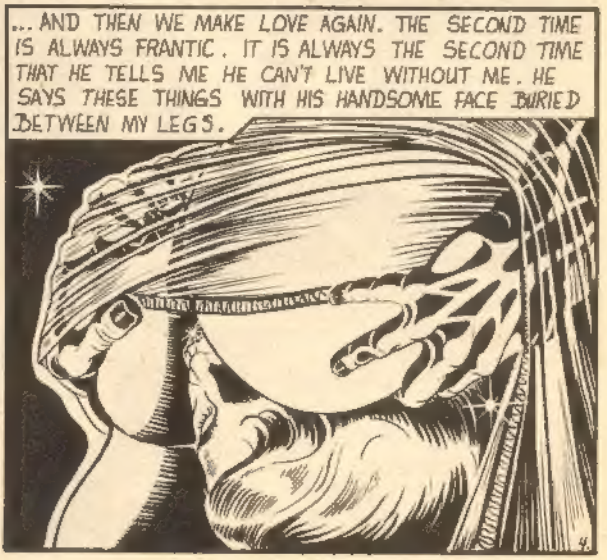
SOMTIMES HE MAKES LOVE TO ME VIOLENTLY, AS THOUGH HE WERE PUNISHING ME, AS THOUGH HE WERE A WARRIOR AND I A CAPTURED ENEMY QUEEN...

...SOMETIMES IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HE IS A WARRIOR WHO HAS SAVED HIS QUEEN, AND THEN HE IS SO GENTLE THAT I CRY...

...I HAVE REALIZED THAT HE TREATS ME LIKE HE TREATS HIMSELF, LIKE HE TREATS THE WORLD...

...I OFTEN AWAKEN LATER IN THE NIGHT AND WATCH OVER HIM WHILE HE SLEEPS...

...I OFTEN AWAKEN TO FIND HIM WATCHING OVER ME.


...AND THEN WE MAKE LOVE AGAIN. THE SECOND TIME IS ALWAYS FRANTIC. IT IS ALWAYS THE SECOND TIME THAT HE TELLS ME HE CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT ME. HE SAYS THESE THINGS WITH HIS HANDSOME FACE BURIED BETWEEN MY LEGS.

ONE DAY OUR WAY OF LIFE WAS CRUELLY SHATTERED. MY HUSBAND WAS KIDNAPPED BY A TERRORIST GANG KNOWN AS THE SLAIRS...
HE FOUGHT THEM, LEAVING TWO DEAD AND SEVERAL MAIMED...
...BUT THERE WERE TOO MANY OF THEM...
...THEY SENT A RANSOM NOTE THE NEXT DAY...
DEAR CAPITALIST PIG:
IF YOU WANT YOUR HUSBAND BACK ALIVE YOU MUST REDISTRIBUTE THE ENTIRE WEALTH OF VINCENT INC., TO THE NON-PRODUCTIVE AND POOR PEOPLE OF SOCIETY...
SLAIRS
AS A DEMONSTRATION OF THEIR BRUTALITY, THEY ALSO SENT A PIECE OF HIS EAR.
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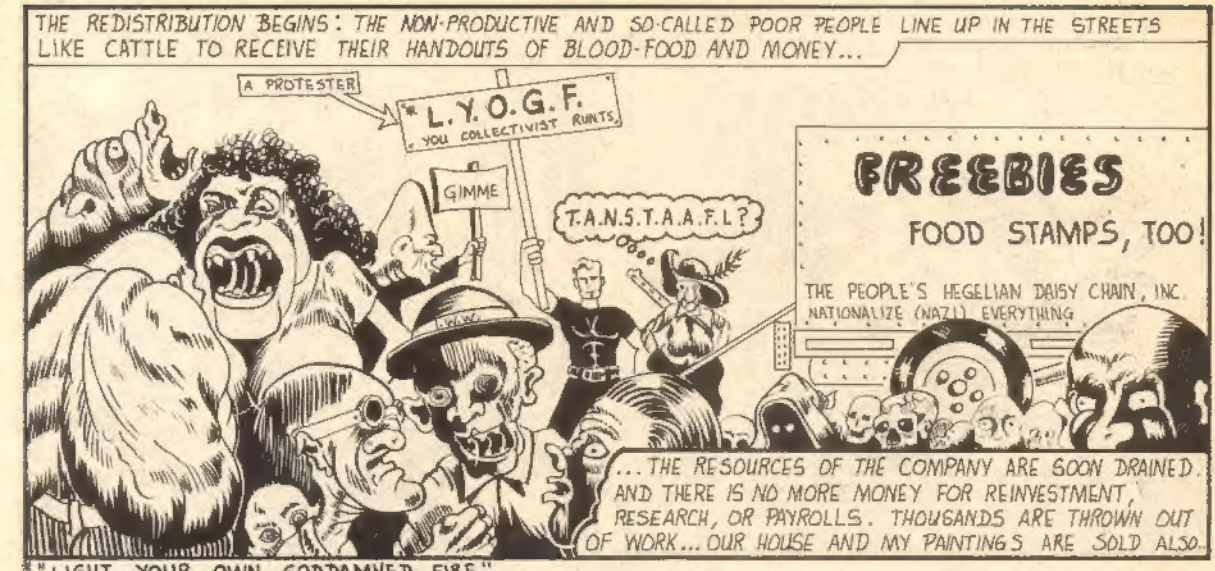
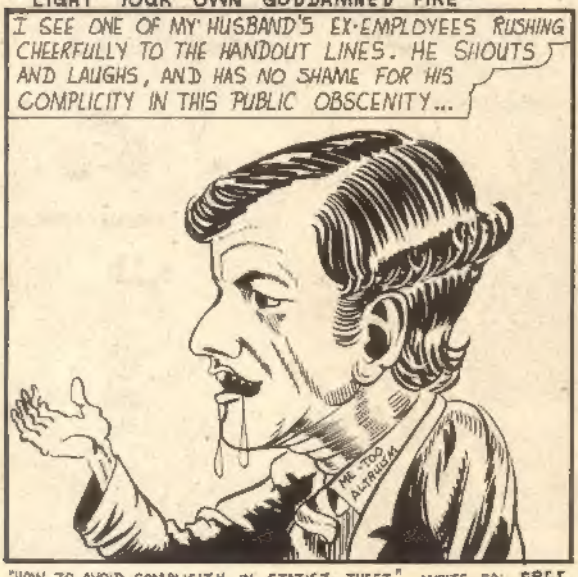

THE REDISTRIBUTION BEGINS: THE NON-PRODUCTIVE AND SO-CALLED POOR PEOPLE LINE UP IN THE STREETS LIKE CATTLE TO RECEIVE THEIR HANDOUTS OF BLOOD-FOOD AND MONEY...
A PROTESTER
L.Y.O.G.F.
YOU COLLECTIVIST RUNTS
GIMME
T.A.N.S.T.A.A.F.L?
FREEBIES
FOOD STAMPS, TOO!
THE PEOPLE'S HEGELIAN DAISY CHAIN, INC.
NATIONALIZE (NAZI) EVERYTHING
...THE RESOURCES OF THE COMPANY ARE SOON DRAINED. AND THERE IS NO MORE MONEY FOR REINVESTMENT, RESEARCH, OR PAYROLLS. THOUSANDS ARE THROWN OUT OF WORK... OUR HOUSE AND MY PAINTINGS ARE SOLD ALSO.

*"LIGHT YOUR OWN GODDAMNED FIRE"

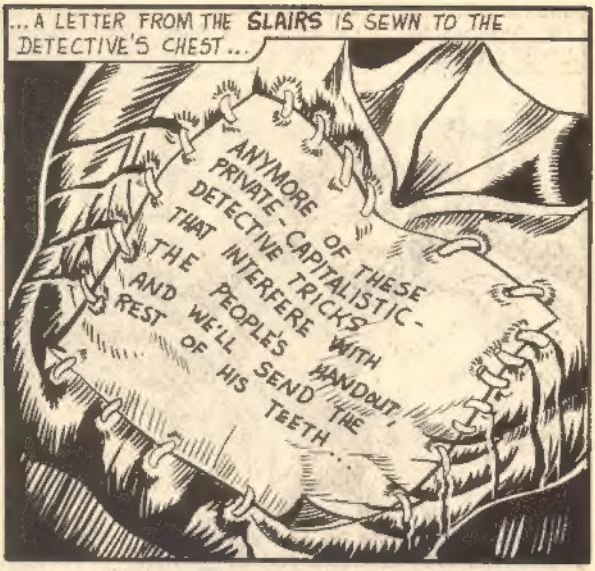

I SEE ONE OF MY HUSBAND'S EX-EMPLOYEES RUSHING CHEERFULLY TO THE HANDOUT LINES. HE SHOUTS AND LAUGHS, AND HAS NO SHAME FOR HIS COMPLICITY IN THIS PUBLIC OBSCENITY...
ME TOO ALTRUISM

"HOW TO AVOID COMPLICITY IN STATIST THEFT" WRITE TO: FREE SPACE COLONIZERS, P.O. BOX 9743, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98109

THE POLICE - WHOSE WAGES ARE PAID WITH TAXES EXTRACTED BY FORCE FROM PRODUCTIVE CITIZENS LIKE MY HUSBAND - ARE IMPOTENT TO SOLVE THE CASE AND SAVE HIM.

A WEEK LATER, THE DETECTIVE'S BODY IS FOUND AT MY DOORSTEP...ALONG WITH A TOOTH TORN FROM MY HUSBAND'S MOUTH WITH PLIERS...

...A LETTER FROM THE **SLAIRS** IS SEWN TO THE DETECTIVE'S CHEST...


ANYMORE OF THESE PRIVATE-CAPITALISTIC-DETECTIVE TRICKS THAT INTERFERE WITH THE PEOPLE'S HANDOUT, AND WE'LL SEND THE REST OF HIS TEETH...

SOME REPORTERS ASK ME HOW I FEEL. I ANSWER THEM...

"...THE POLITICIANS AND TAX-COLLECTORS HAVE BEEN DOING THE SAME THING TO ALL OF US FOR YEARS — **REDISTRIBUTING THE WEALTH.** WHERE WERE YOU THEN?"

THAT NIGHT I WALK WITH GREAT SORROW THROUGH THE HILLS BY OUR ONCE HAPPY HOME...

...I VOW TO MYSELF TO HUNT DOWN AND KILL THE SUB-HUMAN ANIMALS WHO HAVE DONE THIS EVIL THING TO US... I, RAINIA, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, SHALL BECOME, RAINIA...

PART TWO:

...BARBARIAN WOMAN

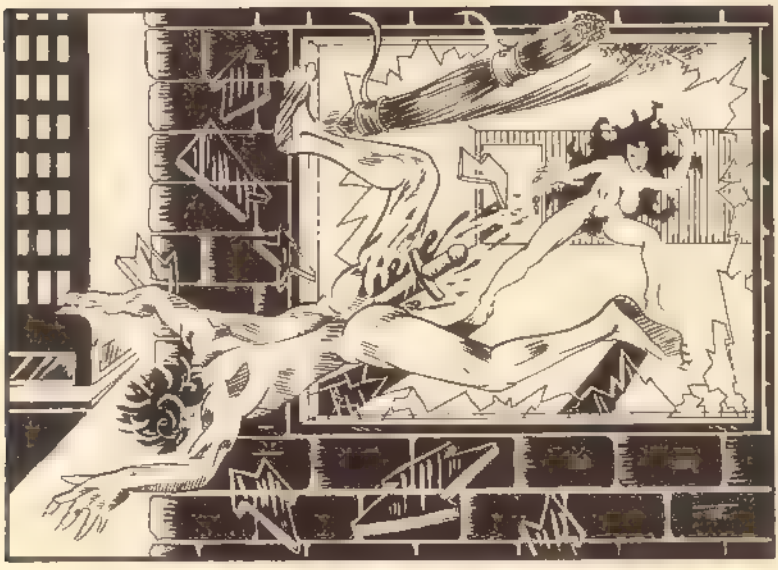
DON'T DREAD ON ME
SO THAT I CAN EARN MONEY, LEARN THE WAYS OF VIOLENCE, AND PREPARE MYSELF FOR THE COMING BATTLE WITH THE SLAIRS. I BECOME A PROSTITUTE...

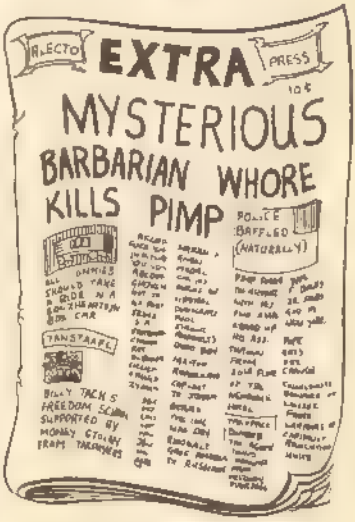
TO MAKE IT BEARABLE, I PRETEND THAT MY CUSTOMERS ARE MY HUSBAND... I AM UNABLE TO RESENT THEM FOR SEEKING PLEASURE FROM MY BODY...

...THEIR ACT IS NORMAL AND PAID FOR BY VOLUNTARY AGREEMENT...
OLD JACK RYE WHISKEY
..BECAUSE OF MY BEAUTY, I MAKE LOTS OF MONEY

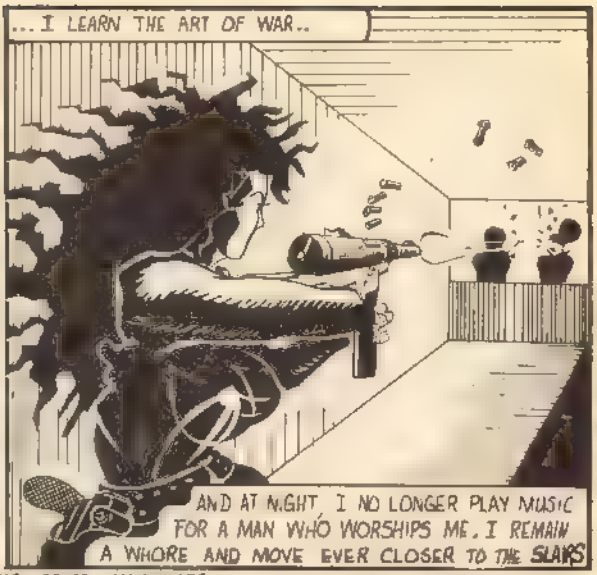
ONE NIGHT, A LOCAL PIMP DISGUISED AS A CUSTOMER TRIES TO TAKE MY HARD-EARNED MONEY BY FORCE — JUST AS THE SLAIRS TOOK OUR MONEY BY FORCE

I DEFEND MYSELF...



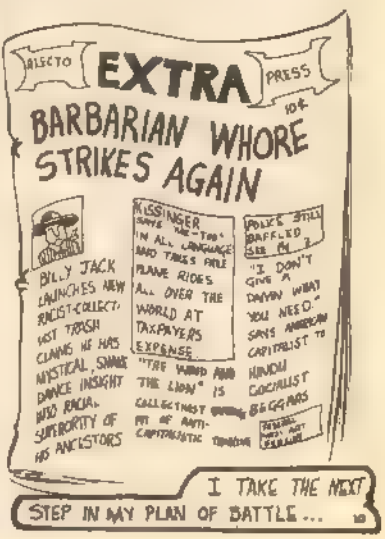

RECTO
EXTRA
PRESS
10¢
MYSTERIOUS BARBARIAN WHORE KILLS PIMP
POLICE BAFFLED (NATURALLY)
FANSTAAFL
BILLY TACK'S FREEDOM CAUSE SUPPORTED BY MONEY STOLEN FROM TAXPAYERS

FROM MY NEW CONTACTS IN THE STREETS, I AM ABLE TO BUY BLACK MARKET MILITARY WEAPONS .. AND IT HAS BECOME THAT BY DAY, I NO LONGER PAINT

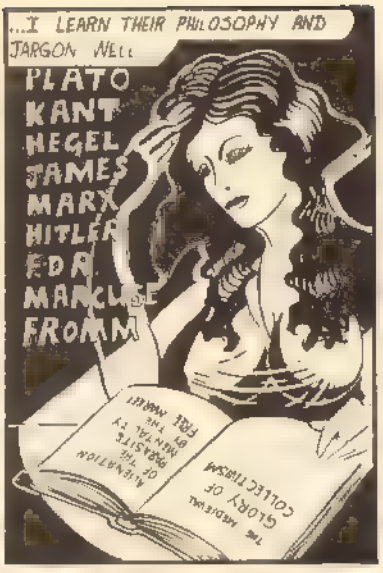

...I LEARN THE ART OF WAR..
AND AT NIGHT I NO LONGER PLAY MUSIC FOR A MAN WHO WORSHIPS ME. I REMAIN A WHORE AND MOVE EVER CLOSER TO THE SLAKS

"TECHNIQUE AND PSYCHOLOGY OF THE CAPITALIST WAR" OR WRITE TO FREE SPACE COLONIZERS, PO BOX 9743, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98109

ON MY LAST NIGHT AS A WHORE, I AM PROPOSITIONED BY ONE OF MY HUSBANDS EX-EMPLOYEES — THE ONE WHO HAD TAKEN BLOOD-FOOD, MONEY AND PERSONAL PLEASURE FROM OUR TRAGEDY..


ALECTO
EXTRA
PRESS
10¢
BARBARIAN WHORE STRIKES AGAIN
BILLY JACK LAUNCHES NEW RACIST-COLLECT-ION TRASH CLAIMS HE HAS MYSTICAL, SHAKE DANCE INSIGHT INTO RACIAL SUPERIORITY OF HIS ANCESTORS
KISSINGER SAYS "NE-THO" IN ALL LANGUAGES AND TAKES FREE PLANE RIDES ALL OVER THE WORLD AT TAXPAYERS EXPENSE
POLICE STILL BAFFLED SEE PG 3
"I DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT YOU NEED." SAYS AMERICAN CAPITALIST TO HINDU SOCIALIST
"THE WIND AND THE LION" IS COLLECTIVIST PIT OF ANTI-CAPITALISTIC TRASH
BEGGARS
I TAKE THE NEXT STEP IN MY PLAN OF BATTLE...

I CALL MYSELF STALINA, AND JOIN RADICAL GROUPS WHOSE IDEOLOGY IS THE SAME AS THE SLAIRS...
PRODUCTION IS THEFT
STOP OFFSHORE DRILLING
WAR IS PEACE
HATE IS LOVE
BLOOD RUNS TO YOUR HEAD FASTER ON THE WAY DOWN

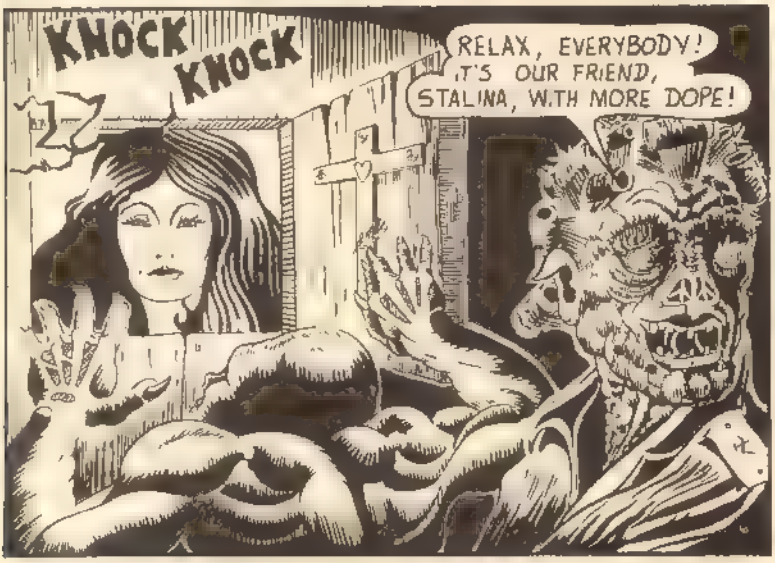


BY THE USE OF MY SUPERIOR INTELLIGENCE, I EASILY BECOME A LEADER OF SOME OF THESE ALTRUISTIC, ANTI-CAPITALISTIC GROUPS, AND SOON MANAGE TO PENETRATE THESE GROUPS' UNDERGROUND WHICH HARBORS THE SLAIRS...

I MANIPULATE THE ZOMBIE MENTALITIES OF THIS UNDERGROUND, AND SOON BECOME THE SUPPLIER OF FOOD, WEAPONS, AND DRUGS TO THE SLAIRS...

MY WEB OF VENGEANCE GROWS TIGHTER

"MANIPULATION OF THE ZOMBIE MENTALITY" WRITE TO: **FREE SPACE COLONIZERS**, P.O. BOX 9743, SEATTLE, WASHINGTON 98109

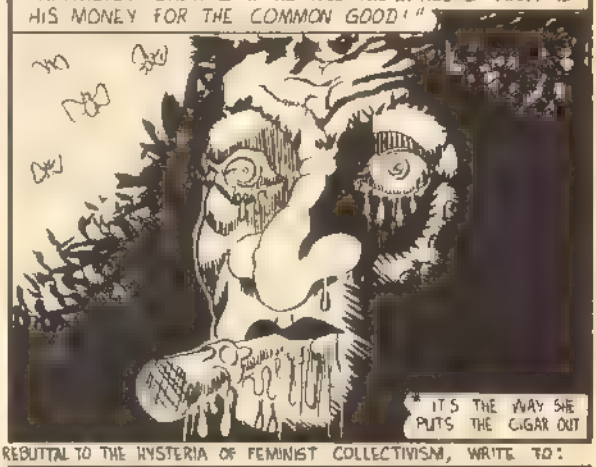


I DISCOVER THAT THE SLAIRS HAVE BEEN FINANCED BY GOVERNMENT TAX-COLLECTORS. THE TAX COLLECTORS BELIEVE THAT SLAIRS' TERRORISM WILL FRIGHTEN THE AMERICAN PUBLIC INTO ACCEPTING THE MARXIST CONCEPT OF REDISTRIBUTION OF THE WEALTH, AND THUS CONTINUE — AS A WORMY BRIBE TO ALTRUISTIC SACRIFICE — TO VOTE FOR THE POLITICIANS WHO ADVOCATE THE SAME CONCEPT. THAT WAY, THE TAX-COLLECTORS CAN STAY IN THE RACKET OF LEGALIZED EXTORTION — TAX-COLLECTION...

BREAKING UP THE ALTRUIST-COLLECTIVIST FAMILY" WRITE TO: **FREE SPACE COLONIZERS**, P.O. BOX 9743, SEATTLE, WA 98109

I HAVE TO KNOW SOMETHING ABOUT HIS WELL-BEING, SO I ASK ONE OF THE UNSANITARY **SLAIRS** WOMEN, "HOW MUCH LONGER ARE YOU GOING TO KEEP HIM? HOW IS HE IN BED?"

"...WELL, THAT'S MIGHTY SEXIST TALK FOR A REVOLUTIONARY, COMRADE PERSON... BUT I'M NO DECADENT WHORE LIKE THAT BARBARIAN WIFE OF HIS WAS. I WOULDN'T FUCK THAT CAPITALIST BASTARD IF HE PAID ME... ALL I WANT IS HIS MONEY FOR THE COMMON GOOD!"



"CREATOR WOMANHOOD VS MYTHS OF FEMINISM" ANGELA DS CLASSIC REBUTTAL TO THE HYSTERIA OF FEMINIST COLLECTIVISM, WRITE TO:

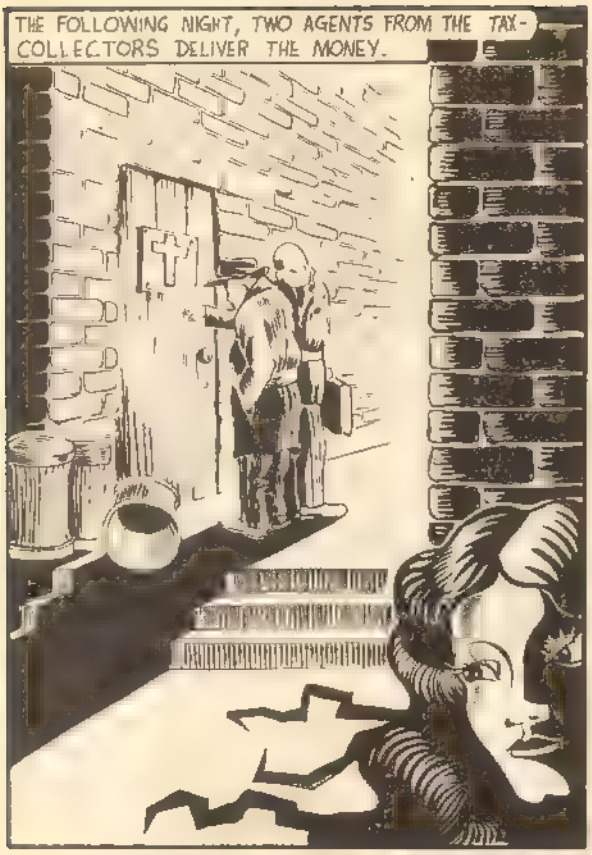
I SMILE INSIDE, KNOWING THAT EVEN HERE IN THIS COLLECTIVIST SEWER, THOSE THINGS ABOUT HIM THAT THE **SLAIRS** HATE — HIS HANDSOMENESS AND PRODUCTIVENESS — ARE TEMPORARILY HIS SELF-DEFENSE. THE **SLAIRS** WOMEN KNOW THEY ARE NOT WORTHY OF HIM, THAT HIS EXISTENCE MAKES THEM ACUTELY AWARE OF THE USELESSNESS OF THEIR LIVES THEY ARE AFRAID OF HIM, AND FOR THAT REASON OF FEAR, THEY WILL HESITATE TO MURDER HIM. BUT I ALSO KNOW — WITH HISTORY AS MY REFERENCE — THAT THEIR FEAR WILL DOMINATE THEIR MINDS AND DRIVE THEM TO ANOTHER SENSELESS ACT — THE MURDER OF JOHN HARGIS VINCENT: THEY WILL SACRIFICE HIS LIFE JUST LIKE THEY CALLED FOR THE SACRIFICE OF HIS PROPERTY. THEY KNOW NOTHING ABOUT PRODUCTION, THAT PRODUCTION CAN FEED THE WORLD AND TAKE US TO THE STARS. THEY ONLY KNOW SACRIFICE OF THE PRODUCTIVE. THE **SLAIRS** WOULD PUT ALL OF HUMANITY IN AN OVEN TO OBSCURE THE TRUTH OF WHAT THEY ARE — NON PRODUCTIVE, NON-CREATIVE, ZOMBIES.

. BUT HE WILL BE SAFE FOR A FEW MORE DAYS, UNTIL THE LAST MONEY OF HIS CAPITALIST-PRODUCTION IS REDISTRIBUTED... I LEAVE THE **SLAIRS** HIDEOUT, KNOWING THAT SOME OF THEIR SOUL-BROTHERS FROM THE TAX DEPARTMENT ARE GOING TO MAKE A MONEY DELIVERY (FEDERAL SUBSIDY) TOMORROW NIGHT.

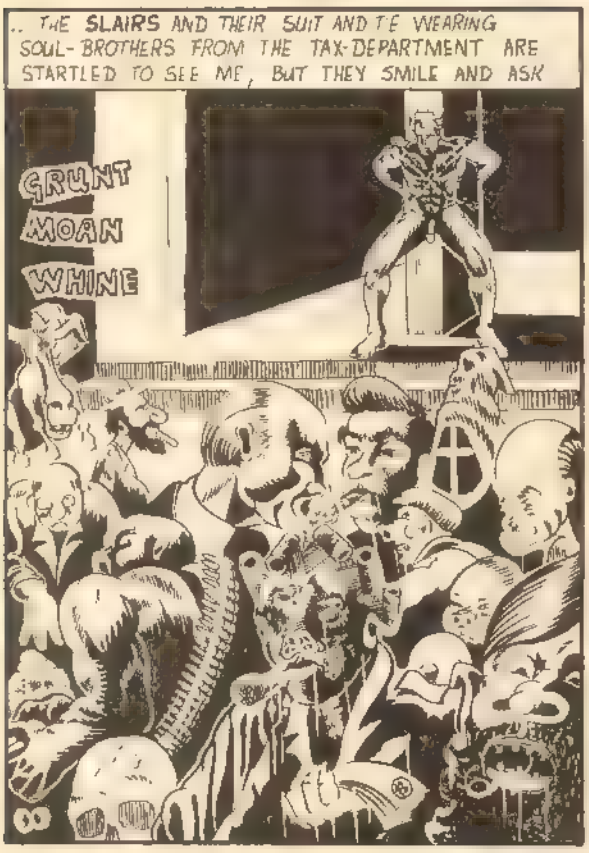
FREE SPACE COLONIZERS P.O BOX 9143, SEATTLE, WA 98109

.I SHALL BE THERE ALSO WITH ANOTHER KIND OF DELIVERY

...I, RANIA, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN/BARBARIAN WOMAN, NOW KNOWN AS STALINA, SHALL STRIKE AND SAVE MY MAN.


THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, TWO AGENTS FROM THE TAX-COLLECTORS DELIVER THE MONEY.

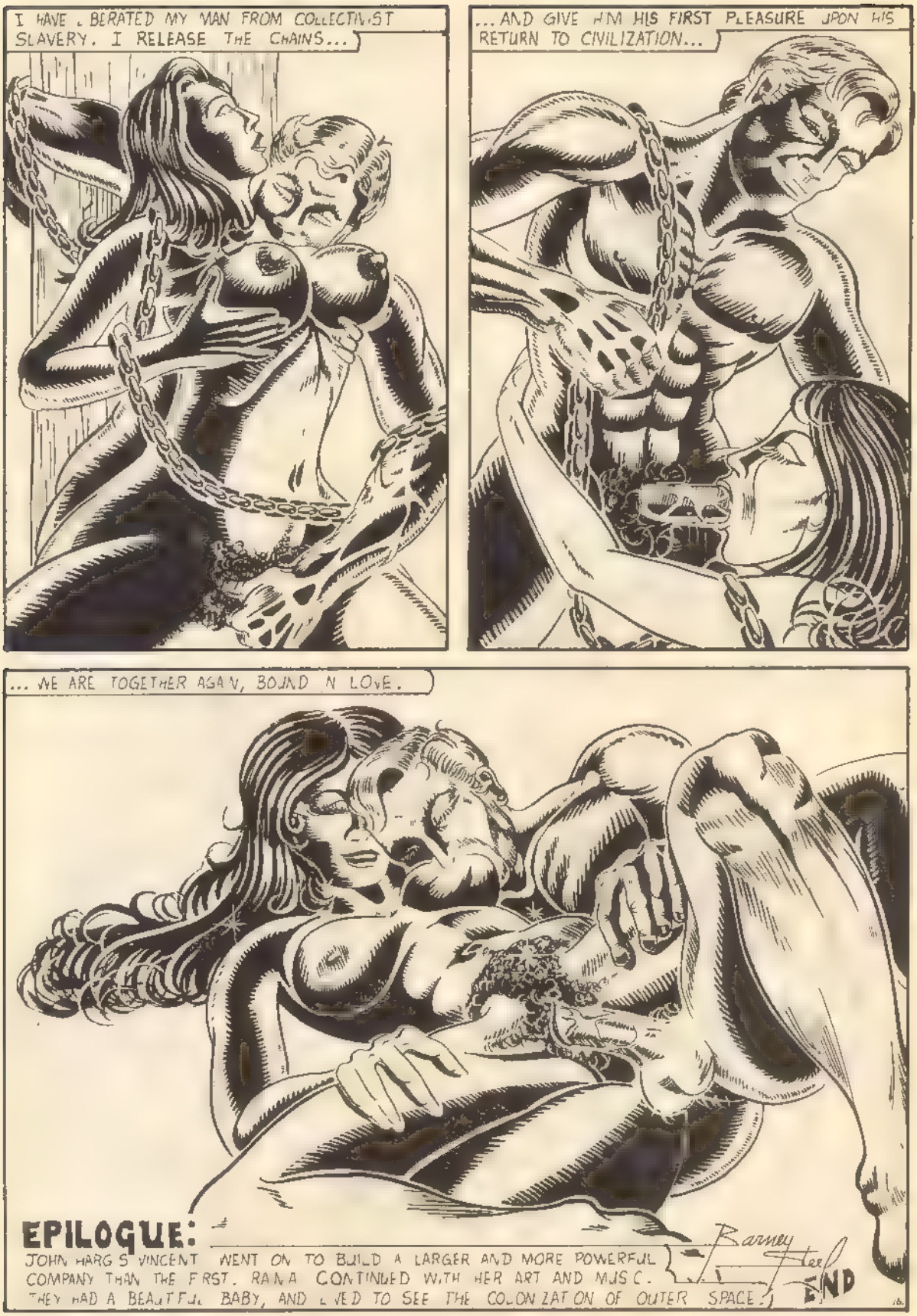
. I ARM MY WEAPONS AND WAIT FOR THE RIGHT MOMENT TO SPRING


.. THE SLAIRS AND THEIR SUIT AND TIE WEARING SOUL-BROTHERS FROM THE TAX-DEPARTMENT ARE STARTLED TO SEE ME, BUT THEY SMILE AND ASK
GRUNT
MOAN
WHINE

"... WHY, STALINA, WHAT ARE YOU DOING OUT SO LATE? DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IT'S DANGEROUS IN THE STREETS AT NIGHT WITH ALL THOSE HARD-HAT, SEXIST PIGS — THOSE NASTY CUNT-CONSCIOUS MEN — OUT THERE PROWLING FOR WOMEN?"
IF THAT'S ALL THERE WAS OUT THERE, THE WORLD WOULD BE A LOT BETTER OFF...

SLAM
..I TEAR OFF MY COAT...
HOLY STATISM!
IT'S NOT STALINA!
IT'S RAINIA, BEAUTIFUL WOMAN-BARBARIAN WOMAN!

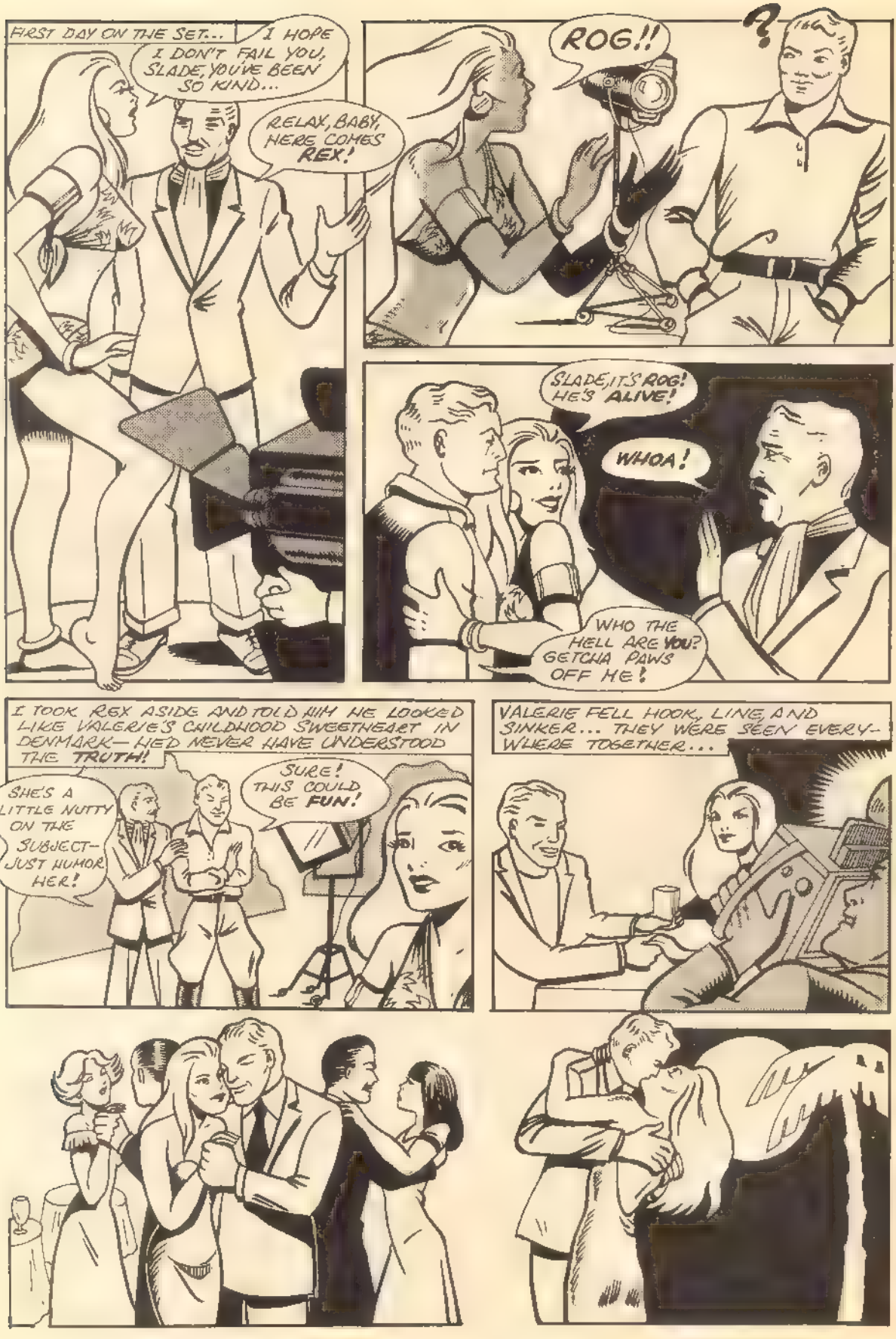
KRATTACK
KRATTTTTTACK
KRATTTTTTACK
WHEN MY AMMUNITION IS EXPENDED, I USE MY KNIFE AND MY BODY.


I HAVE LIBERATED MY MAN FROM COLLECTIVIST SLAVERY. I RELEASE THE CHAINS...
...AND GIVE HIM HIS FIRST PLEASURE UPON HIS RETURN TO CIVILIZATION...
... WE ARE TOGETHER AGAIN, BOUND IN LOVE.
EPILOGUE:
JOHN HARGRAVE VINCENT WENT ON TO BUILD A LARGER AND MORE POWERFUL COMPANY THAN THE FIRST. RANA CONTINUED WITH HER ART AND MUSIC. THEY HAD A BEAUTIFUL BABY, AND LIVED TO SEE THE COLONIZATION OF OUTER SPACE!
Barney Steel
THE END

THE BRIEF CAREER OF
VALERIE NORSE
YOU'VE PROBABLY SEEN HER MOVIE— SHE ONLY MADE ONE. THEN SHE DISAPEARED! EVER WONDER WHAT BECAME OF HER? EVER WONDER WHERE SHE CAME FROM?
By Irma
SLADE'S THE NAME... YOU'VE HEARD OF ME, TOO! MILLIONAIRE, MOVIE PRODUCER, PILOT, EXPLORER...
FLYING MY PRIVATE PLANE OVER GREENLAND, I DEVELOPED ENGINE TROUBLE...
SLADE TO CONTROL— MUST LAND— I'LL SEND YOU MY CO-ORDINATES!
CONTROL TO SLADE! ROGER! IT MAY TAKE SOME TIME FOR A RESCUE PLANE TO FIND YOU! WILL YOU BE O.K.?
I'VE GOT SUPPLIES AND WEATHERPROOF CLOTHING— I'LL BE FINE!
WHILE WAITING, I DECIDED TO EXPLORE THE DESOLATE WASTE AROUND ME...
LOOKS LIKE AN ICEBERG...

MY GOD!!
WITH FEVERISH HASTE I GRABBED A PICKAXE FROM THE PLANE AND GOT TO WORK..
I CARRIED HER STIFF BODY BACK TO THE PLANE AND LAID HER GENTLY DOWN...
SHE'S MAGNIFICENT!
THEN THE IMPOSSIBLE HAPPENED...
OOOH
SHE— SHE'S ALIVE!
W-WHAT PLACE IS THIS? WHERE IS ROG? ROG!!
CALM DOWN, LADY! YOU'RE SAFE! I RESCUED YOU FROM THE ICE—TAKE IT EASY!
OVER A STEAMING MUG OF BOUILLON SHE TOLD HER STORY...
OOH... YOU'RE RIGHT.. I FEEL WEAK...
ROG IS MY MATE...WE WERE HUNTING THE RED BEAR...

A BLIZZARD AROSE. WE GOT SEPARATED. THE SNOW DROVE AGAINST ME; I COULD NOT SEE.
I GOT SO TIRED! I KNEW THAT IF I LAY DOWN I SHOULD SLEEP AND NEVER WAKEN. BUT FINALLY I COULD STAND IT NO LONGER, AND LAY DOWN.
BUT YOU CAME AND RESCUED ME OR I SHOULD SURELY HAVE DIED! NOW WE MUST FIND ROG!
SHIT! HOW CAN I EXPLAIN TO HER THAT HER OLD MAN'S BEEN DEAD FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS!
SHE NEVER COULD COMPREHEND THE TREMENDOUS LAPSE OF TIME THAT HAD INTERVENED SINCE SHE GOT LOST IN THAT PRIMEVAL STORM...
IT CANNOT BE! IF I LIVE, THEN ROG LIVES! I SHALL FIND HIM... SOMEDAY!
MEANWHILE, MY MIND WAS WORKING A MILE A MINUTE...
WHAT'S YOUR NAME, BABY?
CUNEGONDE... BUT WHAT...?
SHE'S A NATURAL! I CAN PASS HER OFF AS A DANISH DISCOVERY— SHE'LL BE BIGGER THAN JANE RUSSELL!
THAT'LL NEVER DO!
LESSEE, YOU'RE LIKE A VALKYRIE... THAT'S IT! VALERIE! VALERIE NORSE!
WHO?
NEVER MIND. YOU JUST STICK WITH ME, KID! NOW, HERE COMES THE PLANE.
SHE WAS PERFECT! AS VALERIE NORSE, THE NEWEST DANISH IMPORT, HOLLYWOOD WELCOMED HER WITH OPEN ARMS!
YES, MY NEW DISCOVERY WILL STAR WITH REX ROCK IN "JUNGLE JUSTICE"!


FIRST DAY ON THE SET...
I HOPE I DON'T FAIL YOU, SLADE, YOU'VE BEEN SO KIND...
RELAX, BABY, HERE COMES REX!
ROG!!
?
SLADE, IT'S ROG! HE'S ALIVE!
WHOA!
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU? GETCHA PAWS OFF ME!
I TOOK REX ASIDE AND TOLD HIM HE LOOKED LIKE VALERIE'S CHILDHOOD SWEETHEART IN DENMARK— HED NEVER HAVE UNDERSTOOD THE TRUTH!
SHE'S A LITTLE NUTTY ON THE SUBJECT— JUST HUMOR HER!
SURE! THIS COULD BE FUN!
VALERIE FELL HOOK, LINE AND SINKER... THEY WERE SEEN EVERY-WHERE TOGETHER...

REX ROCK'S BACHELOR PAD IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS... NIGHT...
OHH... YES... ROG.. ROG!
UH, LOOK, HONEY, I WISH YOU'D STOP CALLING ME ROG— OH, THE PHONE... JUS' A MINUTE...
RRING
HELLO... YEAH... OH, MARIO! HEY, MAN, I'LL MAKE GOOD ON THAT DEBT, JUST GIMME SOME TIME... I'M DOING THIS FLICK...
?
NEXT DAY, ON THE SET...
ARE YOU NUTS? I AIN'T RISKIN' MY NECK JUMPIN' THAT CREVASSE! GET A STUNTMAN!
ROG COULD MAKE THAT JUMP WITH NO EFFORT!
AND YOU, MISS NORSE - WILL YOU NEED A STUNTMAN?
I? NEVER!
POOR, BEAUTIFUL THROW-BACK! HE'S NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR YOU! OH, IF I WASN'T AN OLD MAN!

THE NIGHT OF THE AREMIERE . . .
JUNGLE JUSTICE
VALERIE REX
AFTER THE FILM, VALERIE AND REX SLIPPED OFF TO A LITTLE CAFÉ, WHERE THEY SAT HOLDING HANDS TILL CLOSING TIME . . .
SPECIAL
SUDDENLY
JUST A SECOND, REX, OLD BUDDY!
MARIO!
. . . AND SOME OF MY BOYS! YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS TO GUYS WHO DON'T MAKE GOOD ON THEIR DEBTS, REX! WE'RE GONNA RE-ARRANGE YOUR PRETTY FACE!
WHERE ARE YOU GOING? STAY AND FIGHT!
SLAM!
ARE YOU KIDDING?
SWINE! IF YOU WON'T FIGHT THEM, I WILL!
YAGRAA!

SAFELY BACK HOME, REX GOT DRUNKER AND DRUNKER IN THE COMPANY OF SEVERAL LADIES OF DUBIOUS VIRTUE...
SHE SHA PUSHY BITCH... WHO NEEDSH 'ER, ANYWAY?
WHEN...
VALERIE! I CAN EXPLAIN...
COWARD! WEAKLING! YOU ARE NOT MY ROG!
YOU WANT HIM? TAKE HIM!
SHE STALKED OUT AND THAT WAS THE LAST ANYBODY SAW OF HER...
...UNTIL TODAY...
KRING

YES... WHAT?! YOU FOUND HER? WHERE? I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!
A WORKER FOUND HER IN THE FREEZER... PROBABLY BEEN THERE FOR WEEKS..
REFR
LO
C
...WEARIN' THAT NUTTY COSTUME, TOO...
SHE LOOKS SO PEACEFUL... AS THOUGH SHE WERE ASLEEP...
SHE'S HOLDING A NOTE!
I go to find the real Rog. And don't thaw me out again.
WITH APOLOGIES TO E.R.B.
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Odine the Pirate

OCCASIONALLY, THE PIRATE ODINE AND HER FIRST MATE VENTURE TO SEEK USEFUL INFORMATION IN THE COAST CITIES. INVARIABLY, A SHORE VISIT MEANS SOME KIND OF *DANGER-FRAUGHT ADVENTURE...*

ONE WOULD THINK THEY'D HAVE *LEARNED* BY NOW..
YOU KNOW, FERRET.. AT TIMES I THINK YOU VALUE THE SAFETY OF OUR *LOOT* MORE THAN THAT OF YOUR *CAPTAIN.*
WELL, LOOK AT IT THIS WAY, CAPTAIN..

SQUOSH
!
oops!
NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD WITH SWORDS.
WELL! THEY WEREN'T MUCH OF A CHALLENGE. I WONDER WHAT THEY WANTED?
OUR MONEY, PROBABLY IT'S THE USUAL.
...I LOSE MORE GOOD FRUIT ON THAT MANŒUVRE...
YOU'VE LOST MORE THAN FRUIT, YOU STUNTED BUFFOON! YOU'VE JUST LOST YOUR FREEDOM!
!?

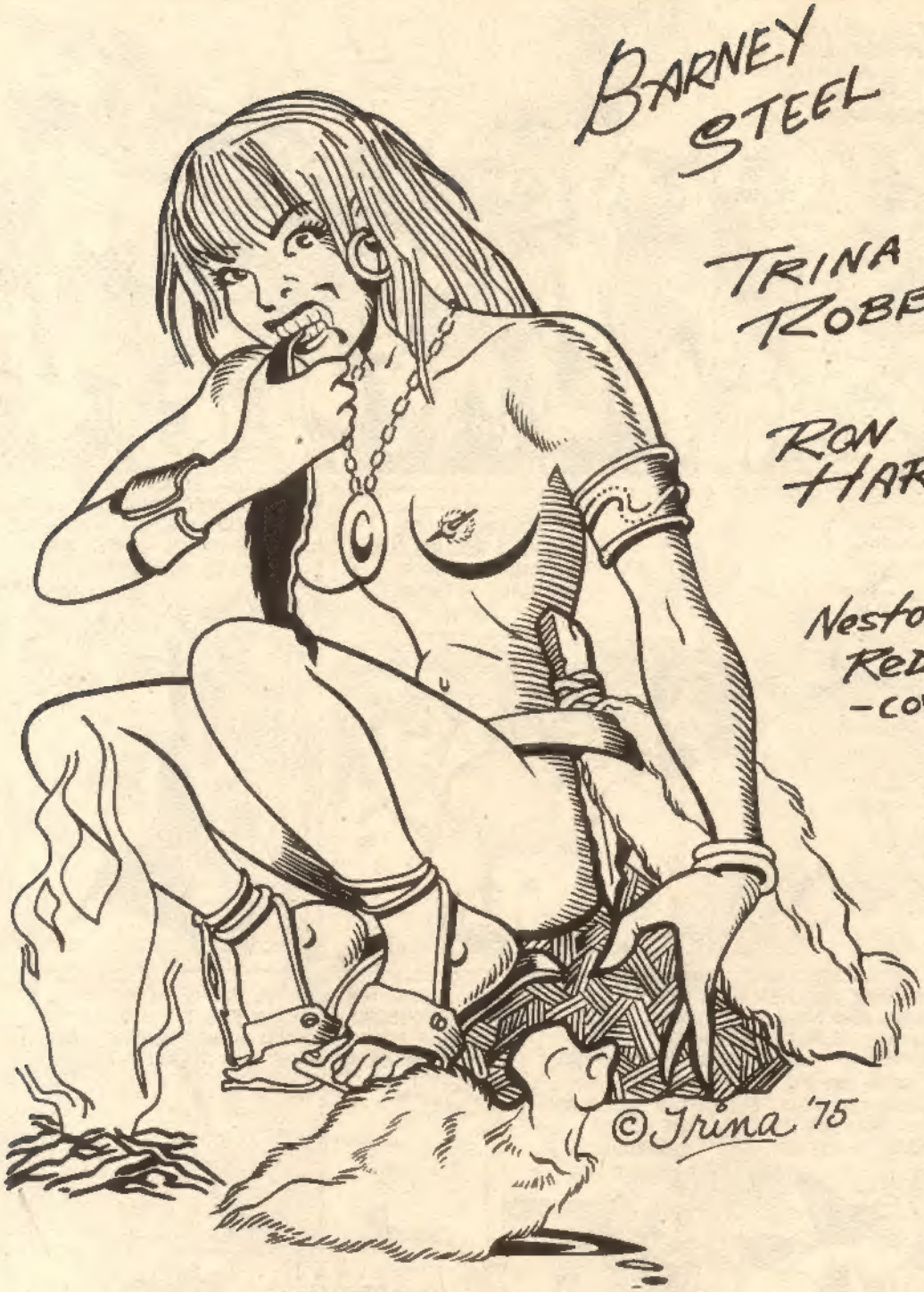
...I SHOULD HAVE SAID, 'TAKE THOSE FOUR LUMP-SKULLS IN THE BUSHES..'
CHEER UP, FERRET WE'VE BEEN IN WORSE SPOTS
HAVE YOU, QDINE THE PIRATE?
OH, YES, I KNOW WHO YOU ARE.
YOU'RE A FAVOURITE ON LOCAL BOUNTY POSTERS.
YOU'RE WORTH A LOT OF MONEY TO ME, WOMAN, FOR—
OOF!
BOUNCE!
YOW!
?
FERRET!
FAUGH! LET HIM GO! HE'S NOT GOOD FOR ANYTHING BUT BUZZARD FEED. IT'S YOU WHO HAS THE PRICE ON YOUR HEAD, WOMAN.
OUCH!
JNGH!
YIPES!
A THOUSAND GOLD DRAGOES, TO BE EXACT! I WILL BE A RICH MAN ONCE I DELIVER YOU TO NOCAN...
...BARBARIAN RULER OF THE CITY OF MILERRIA!!
MILLERIA: CITY OF SIN AND FILTH, OF POVERTY AND CRIME! MILERRIA: AN UNSQUEEZED PIMPLE ON THE FACE OF DRODBAR PROVINCE! A SEA OF SQUALID HUTS SURROUNDING A MIGHTY PALACE...
...THE PALACE OF NOCAN THE BARBARIAN, RULER OF MILERRIA!

WELL, THAT'S NAVIGATION FOR YOU! NOT TWO HUNDRED YARDS FROM THE ROVER'S ANCHORAGE. GOOD WORK, FIRST MATE FERRET
THANK YOU.
ROVER
WHA--?!
FERRET! IT'S YOU! I ALMOST SLIT YOUR THROAT LIKE A SAUSAGE!
BELAY THAT, OLAV, YOU OVERFED BUFFOON! GET THE CREW! THE CAPTAIN'S IN TROUBLE!
AS LONG AS YOU'RE NOT GOING TO FEED ME, MAYBE YOU'LL TELL ME WHAT YOU ARE GOING TO DO WITH ME.
OF COURSE, PIRATE WENCH! FIRST I WILL RAPE YOU A FEW TIMES, THEN I WILL BEAT YOU. AFTER THAT I WILL RAPE YOU AGAIN BEFORE TURNING YOU OVER TO THE JAILERS...
...SO THEY CAN RAPE YOU BEFORE LOCKING YOU UP!
YOU BARBARIANS ARE SO ORIGINAL.
Slurp
EXCUSE ME, BROTHER IS THIS THE MAIN TEMPLE OF T'PIKA?
T'PIKA!?
MONKS! THEY'RE ALL ADDLE-BRAINED FOOLS!
DOLT! YOU STAND BEFORE THE PALACE OF NOCAN THE KING! T'PIKA IS TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES IN THE OTHER DIRECTION!
I THOUGHT SO! CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL, EH, MATES -- ER, BROTHERS?
HO HUM
eh?
belch!
PREPARE, WOMAN!

YOUR TIME HAS COME!
HEH HEH HEH
RRIP!
YAHHH!
HEH HEH HEH
RRIP!
CHUD!
YAARGH!!
IT CAME FROM UP THERE!
THAT HAS TO BE ODINE'S HANDIWORK!
NO MORE NEED FOR DISGUISES, MATES! LET'S FIGHT!
THE PALACE STEPS SUDDENLY ERUPT WITH FURIOUS BATTLE AS THE SURPRISED GUARDS TRY TO BEAT BACK ODINE'S PIRATE CREW...
WHILE THE LADS ARE GETTING THEIR EXERCISE, ODINE COULD PROBABLY USE SOME CUTLERY.

FERRET!
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT WANT A SWORD OR TWO, CAPTAIN...
CATCH!
:Uhkkhh:
WOMAN... FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE TO ME, YOU WILL DIE A THOUSAND DEATHS · EACH MORE TERRIBLE THAN THE ONE BEFORE!
OH, WHY DO YOU BARBARIANS TAKE EVERYTHING SO SERIOUSLY?
DAMN... YOU...!
CLANG!
WHIP!
POW!
NOT GOING TO FINISH HIM OFF?
NO...
I THINK HE'LL HAVE ENOUGH TROUBLE DEALING WITH THE AFTEREFFECTS OF THAT KICK I GAVE HIM.
COME ON, FERRET LET'S FIND THE CREW
BELOW, THE PALACE GUARD HAS FALLEN TO THE MIGHT OF ODINE'S PIRATE BAND...
HAIL ODINE!!
THE PALACE IS OURS, CAP'N! THE GUARDS HAVE EITHER RUN OR DIED!
THE WHOLE CITY IS OURS!

AYE, THE CITY IS OURS, TO DO AS WE PLEASE! AND I SAY WE DON'T LEAVE UNTIL WE'VE RAVISHED EVERY WOMAN IN THIS GODSFORSAKEN HOLE!
RIGHT!
WELL SAID, OLAV!
!
ON SECOND THOUGHT...
NOTHING QUITE LIKE A ROLLING SEA AND A FLAPPING SAIL, IS THERE, MATES?
LISTEN, MY CREW! OUR FORTUNE LIES ELSEWHERE! STRIP THE PALACE OF ITS LOOT! THEN, BACK TO THE ROVER!
AYE!!
AND SO ODINE AND HER BAND SET SAIL FOR NEW LANDS AND NEW ADVENTURES... HOPEFULLY, MORE PROFITABLE ONES.
I'VE SEEN BETTER HAULS FROM LOOTED PALACES. THAT APE HAD NO TASTE WHATEVER
WELL, AT LEAST WE CAN MELT DOWN THE ROYAL CUSPIDOR...
AS FOR NOCAN, IT IS SAID HE NEVER QUITE RECOVERED FROM THE BLOW TO HIS DIGNITY. AND SHORTLY AFTER ODINE'S DEPARTURE CHANGED HIS NAME AND BECAME A MONK.
END.



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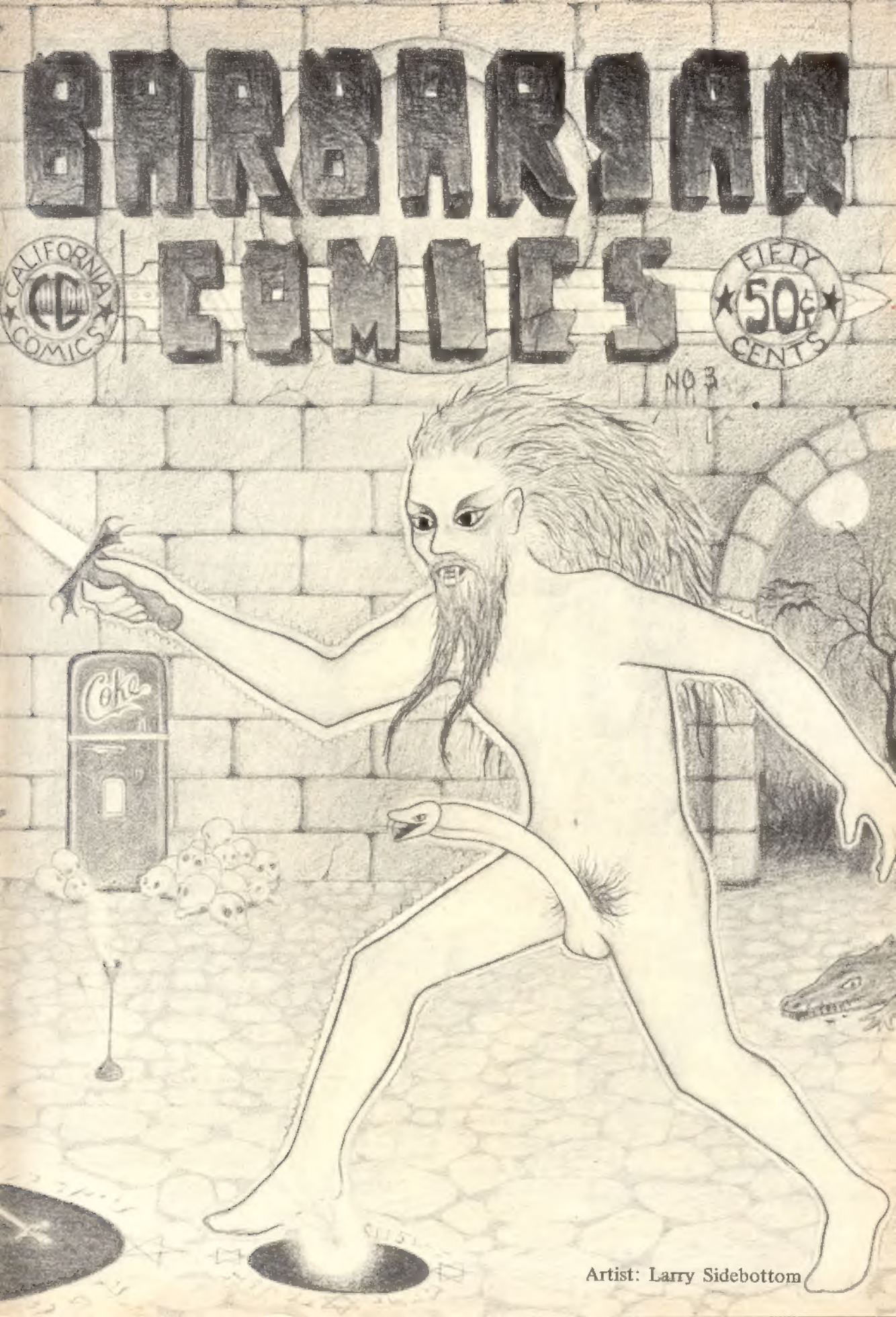
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